



### Parisian Points on Tea Brewing.

The Beverage Popular at Receptions in the American Colony.

A Few of the Striking Costumes Seen at the Recent Social Gatherings.

STYLISH GIRL FROM THE WEST.

The Wife of an American Sculptor at a Pretty Picture in Brown Velvet and Soft Cream Satin—Gossip from the French Capital.

Paris, Jan. 31.—Nobody could live in Paris and become any sort of social success without willingly or unwillingly contracting the "tea habit."



Dainty Frenchness at a Tea.

served at her receptions, gave this recipe to a crowd of enthusiastic listeners the other day:

"First of all," she said, "you must not let the water boil; just let it come to a boil. Have your earthen teapot sitting on the table near you filled with the very hottest water, so that it shall become thoroughly heated before the water in the kettle has come to a boil."

"Wipe the teapot out very dry and put in the tea leaves. For the best Russian tea a generous teaspoonful to a cup is the usual allowance, but of course it is to be served to less than three minutes after the water has been poured on."

"Two or three pots of good, savory tea can be drawn from the same tea leaves if they are not allowed to get cold between times."

She, this dear old lady, heartily recommended every lover of tea to take special care to rinse the teapot in boiling water, dry it rapidly, put in a generous pinch of the dry tea leaves and put the pot aside for the next "at home."

The little pinch of dry tea thus added, she thought, had much to do with her gaining the distinction of brewing the best tea in all the American colony.

It takes an American to drink tea, even in Paris.

Mrs. Thurber, the wife of the Presbyterian minister here, holds the most charming receptions every Wednesday. Very often she has a delightful musical programme, too, and the great hostesses from America who have come to Paris to add the finishing touch before becoming professional contributors the music.

Of the fifteen hundred students studying here for "grand opera" I heard the other day the one who is pointed out as by far the most promising and whose heart is looked forward to with the warmest enthusiasm. She is a Western girl, with a big, full, rich contralto voice, a rare thing in a girl so slight.

At the reception the other afternoon she wore a heliotrope velvet bodice, with long full basque. It was cut away at the front and showed a vest of shirred velvet with a yoke of opalescent chiffon and a high stock collar. The broad revers were edged with strips of passementerie—silver and white—and two big rhinestone buttons ornamented each side of the bodice at the waist line.

A Medici collar that was quite high and rolled quite a bit came barely farther than the shoulder seems in front.



### How Women Writers Work.

Some Want Seclusion and Some Want Their Babies Around Them.

Bernhardt Gets Her Best Ideas on a Wheel and Miss Sloane on a Horse.

INSPIRATION IN QUEER PLACES.

Queen Marguerita Improves Her Thoughts by Looking into the King's Eyes. Eccentric Methods of Amelie Rives.

Lady William Beresford is reported busy collecting and writing the memories of her eventful life for the personal of the book who comes to her so late in life that she cannot expect to follow his career long onward. If her ladyship is really at work upon such a volume there will be a collection of international society statistics that will be the most valuable reading for the future generations. Lady Beresford has written several pretty pieces of poetry and prose.

Women who are ambitious to put their thoughts into printed words—and all women are—should take pattern by Katharine, wife of Spencer Trask, the banker.

Mrs. Trask is a beautiful woman of young middle life. A few years ago she lost a household of little children, who died of an infectious disease, within a short time of each other. Since that time, "to beguile the lonely hours," as Mrs. Trask says in her preface, she has written verse and poetic prose. Her books are brought out in exquisite form, and they win very fair praise from the critics, which is saying a great deal for the work of a society woman.

When Mrs. Trask composes her verses she likes to seat herself upon the railing of one of the balconies of "Vado," her Saratoga Summer home, and there plan the motif for the verses. This she afterwards writes over in a pretty room with vines at the windows. From a distance she can see the peaks of the Adirondacks, while some are over in a pretty room with vines at the windows.

Her vision takes in Mount McGregor and the loveliness of many counties. It was seated here that Mr. Trask had his wife painted by life-size for the family portrait gallery.

"Women with time on their hands, with or without sadness in their hearts, can make a place for themselves in the literature of the world by following this unadvised woman's example."

The methods, motives, etc., of Amelie Rives are altogether different, but they would suit many a temperament.

Amelie Rives works alone, and no one is supposed to know she is busy. For days she will roam around the house in an aimless, preoccupied manner. For long hours she will play with the dogs and horses, for weeks she will not appear in the family sitting-room, and then of a sudden she has disappeared altogether for a few days. No one must ask where she is. No one must look for her.

Amelie Rives' family circle is passionately devoted to her. If it were not for her peculiar home surroundings she could never have done her famous early stories. "My daughter is a wonder—Superior!" exclaimed her father to a friend about a statement taking them to Panama. "And we did her by our sympathy."

The "sympathy" consists in letting her alone. An eye at the keyhole tells the family that Amelie is writing. Immediately the hallways are hushed, and only person who comes and goes is the great African woman who has been Amelie's companion from childhood, even accompanying her on her wedding tour.

Mens are brought quietly in and as quietly removed. This may last for a day or a week, or maybe for three weeks. But Amelie Rives does not emerge from her retirement until her story is completed. Then it is read to the assembled family. The world owes a countless debt to the people who can charm by story or verse. And the poetesses themselves owe it to the world to keep single, as double harness seldom sets well upon the neck of genius.

Emily Farnsworth Sloane, the newest member of "the nice set" to dabble with the pen, planned "Ideals" mostly while horseback riding. The book is a compilation, but extracts were made in a spirit of inspiration of the breezes. Bernhardt does her choice bits of prose while bicycling. Either way the breezy tone of the work is complete. In ideals, the loftiest sentiments are plucked from the writings of the old authors, written in their best mood. There is no maidlin sentiment, just the healthy, healthy tone one gets in the open air.

Miss Winnie Davis, who is a writer of no mean pretensions, plans her stories, they say, lying upon a couch looking at the tip of her pen. She owns countless things to write with, but uses a plain little implement that might have cost a quarter of a dollar.

Her stories are good, conscientious works, and will no doubt be placed in the "dear old" library of the girls' boarding schools. With her mind roaming the fields of fancy and her body at rest, the beautiful Mrs. Davis sorts her ideas as Oliver Wendell Holmes used to do, looking at his pen and sometimes conning his thoughts to his fingers.

"It is to one's very own that one can dictate one's best thoughts," says the Queen, "and I find my inspiration in the quietude of my King."

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cramer works in a room where she has a view of the city. She writes every day with her children and friends around her. "My babies sit everywhere except upon the point of my pen," she writes. "The only time I cannot work when they go away upon a visit."

Richardson's "Winter" on the other hand, writes every day with her children and friends around her. "My babies sit everywhere except upon the point of my pen," she writes. "The only time I cannot work when they go away upon a visit."

After breakfast Mrs. Ward seeks her bedroom, closes the door and gets out her writing pad. If a caller drops in the maid enters silently and stands still and looks at the mistress. Should genius be burning Mrs. Ward does not look up, and the maid goes back to say "engaged" to the caller. Should genius be fitful that morning, the mistress looks up, nods and the caller is shown in. Callers know this and are prepared for the worst.

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### Fashion at the Russian Church.

Lots of Style at the Place Where the Czar's Subjects Worship in Paris.

A Gorgeous Display of Furs, Cloaks, Wraps and Winter Costumes.

AN INTERESTING CONGREGATION.

Princess Gowns for Skating Popular in the French Capital—Stunning Cape Worn by the Wife of an American Sugar King.

Paris, Jan. 31.—There is nothing I know of that appeals to one more than a luxurious fur wrap on these chilly, wintry days.

A full, generous wrap, whether it be of sable, mink, sealskin or other, is still stylish, even though it were modelled two or three years ago. And there never was a person to whom fur was not becoming, and with a little discretion in the choice of colors every face would be an added charm with a bit of fur somewhere about the throat to soften the lines.

I was advised by a fur dealer the other day to go to the Russian Church if I wanted to see the most gorgeous display of furs to be seen in all Paris. Then, too, I was sure to hear that lovely music that everybody here has grown so enthusiastic over. So I went last Sunday, fully prepared to kill two birds with one stone, but had hardly entered the great doors before I fully realized that the half had never been told me of the magnificence of the Russian Church. The music was divine and the service so impressive.

The congregation was wonderfully interesting, and there was such an air of great prosperity and wealth about the church. There were two such distinctive types among the faces in the congregation. The blood type, with full cheeks, blue eyes and light hair, and the brunette type, with heavy black hair and dark eyes and eyebrows.

On the whole after the service commenced a most stunningly tall woman swept by me with great rustle of silk and feathers. She stood in a little in front of me, and I couldn't manage somehow to keep my eyes from wandering to her. Her profile, her bearing and her dress were so charmingly unusual.

Her hair, contrary to the prevailing French fashion, was brushed straight back from her forehead by a black comb, and she wore a great rhinestone buckle at the front. The dress was of a mass of black feathers and a great rhinestone buckle at the front. The dress was of a mass of black feathers and a great rhinestone buckle at the front.

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### Oh, but She's a Proud One!

The Manicure Girl Can Give Points to All the Belles.

Will She Flirt, or Take a Tip, or Drive, or Go to the Theatre?

LIBBEYESQUE IN MAGNIFICENCE.

Types of Her Customers, Who Talk in Low Tones While Their Nails Are "Done" in Pretty Pink.

There is no young person in New York more proud, more haughty than the Manicure Girl.

Not that she takes any great pride in her profession, but in some way the occupation seems to impart a dignity of gait and a queenliness of carriage, even more marked than that with which the cloak model transfixes a mere man when he accompanies his wife on a shopping tour.

The Manicure Girl is frequently short and even dumpy. Her salary is small, and certainly there is nothing very elevating in clipping at other people's finger nails and slipping off unmythical for eight or ten hours a day. But there must be some mysterious and pride-producing influence about the occupation, for no young woman in the business is lacking in repose, perfect self-possession and a Libbeyesque grandeur of style that is imposing to the average spectator.

The earnest student of human nature who cares to study this interesting subject will discover that there are no unpretty manicure girls. Their voices are low and their dress invariably neat, and even stylish.

The feminine trade of the swell manicurist consists largely of the more rapid element of the city's population, while there is a fair sprinkling of shopping women. But it is the large and beautiful young woman, who drives in a brougham and sweeps into the manicure parlor with a rustle of silk skirts and a wave of perfume, that is the Manicure Girl's ideal.

The beautiful young woman is invariably affable and all smiles. No frown ever disfigures her brow, and she will laugh and



Paris Maidens Will Be Charming in Early Spring.

joke with the girl who fixes her nails, and frequently the half-dollar she receives for the pain of her attendant's hand. Her hair will be gilded or bronzed to perfection; her complexion will be as white as snow, and roses as modern art can make it; her eyes may be a trifle cold and a little tired looking, but her mouth will smile, and her teeth carefully kept, with glints of gold here and there.

But the girls who frequent the manicure parlors are by far the most interesting. They constitute a type of New York life that is characteristic. One never sees a swell in a manicure establishment, nor a sport, nor a man-about-town; but at the same time a leisure class is represented, we dressed in the latest and most marked peculiarity except an evident desire to "mash" the pretty girls who operate upon the hands of the great.

And there is no more accomplished flirt than the Manicure Girl. She was a graduate in the art of flattery, and she has learned the first rudiments of the trade. It is a treat to watch her as she takes up a customer's hand, and with a look of swift disapproval, or approval, if deserved.

The manicure girl is an old hand at manicure parlor, looks up guiltily, and even cringes beneath the cold and condescending attention of the young person who has just been manicured. Then, as she begins the work of filing and trimming, the conversation starts and grows more interesting, and she is so busy to make men, not women, and the result is that feminine intelligence is restricted to the details of housekeeping and the small economies of the kitchen.

The new woman is not yet cutting any ice in Germany. So firmly is the idea of masculine superiority fixed in the popular mind that nobody thinks of questioning it. A recent traveller observed that German wives minister to their husbands with tireless devotion, and that when brothers and sisters go out together it is the girls who carry the packages. "The system of German education," he says, "is devised solely to make men, not women, and the result is that feminine intelligence is restricted to the details of housekeeping and the small economies of the kitchen."

While the manicure operator who sets up business in a flat is frequently regarded with suspicion by society agents, the girls employed in parlors are, as a rule, good and hard-working young women, who become taciturn in the atmosphere of the place. Many of them not only receive extravagant tips from their male patrons, but also presents and dinner invitations, theatre tickets and flowers.

This is a frequent scene in the manicure parlor: Enter young man, well dressed, his carriage indicated by his hat. In his hand, he approaches the lady who presides over the room, and flatters, "Ah—ah—Miss—"

may be at the other end of the room, and a disengaged she will start with a surprised air, and then, with a shy return, she may be by bowing with a kindness that is overpowering.

Then she will advance to him, not too quickly, but with a gracious degree of activity and say, "Oh—so sorry—Mr. Blank, but I have art of engagement at 5, and I just ten minutes to—now," and she will say it as though she were refusing his invitation to drive, or his hand in marriage, or something of that sort.

There is much more fun to be had in the New York manicure parlor than can be imagined—not in having one's nails done, although the sensation is anything but unpleasant, and the results gratifying, if not too accurate, but in observing the gorgeous women with their care-free brows and handsome frocks, and the men, who, in the midst of the city's rush, and turmoil, have time and inclination to frolic with the haughty Manicure Girl.



Some New Parisian Plans for Setting Off Pretty Heads.